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Edited by
R. G. Howarth and A. G. Mitchell

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EDITORIAL.

WITH some surprise, we learnt that our last editorial, together with Mr. Hope's review of Jindyworobak publications, had been taken as constituting an attack on Jindyworobakism, and also on its founder, Mr. Rex Ingamells. In the course of correspondence with the latter we have assured him that there was no personal motive in the articles—which, in any case, were independent of each other—and have tried to convince him that no real cause of offence had been given. He further complained, however, of misrepresentation of his movement: to which a reply was given that everything in the editorial had been based on a study of Jindyworobak (not merely his own) proclamation and practice, and that if we erred it was not through dishonesty of interpretation. Unfortunately, however, we had not seen two publications of the Jindyworobaks which are not readily available, and to these Mr. Ingamells has now invited our notice. Furthermore, declaring that though the movement had developed from the principles laid down in these, it had never departed from them, he marked two passages for our information. It is only fair, therefore, to cite these passages in *Southerly*: see the Notes on page 32. We feel that no apology or retraction is necessary. We are sorry to have given annoyance or pain, but it will surely be acknowledged that the fault, if any, arose more from a necessarily incomplete study of the Jindyworobak movement than from anything like hostility towards it, and readers will now have an opportunity of judging the matter for themselves. The question is still, we think, whether or not the Jindyworobaks have gone too far in the direction of literary "autarky". That they have done so, indeed, is the view quite independently upheld by Miss Herring, as critic, in this issue, of the recent *Jindyworobak Anthology*.

In this connection, it must be reaffirmed that, subject only to the ordinary restraints, our reviewers have complete freedom of speech, and that their opinions are not necessarily those of *Southerly* or of the Australian English Association.

Miss Herring and Mr. Hope, for instance, speak for themselves, and we may or may not agree with them. Even an editorial must be an expression of personal opinion. But the editorials of *Southerly* may also be taken as expounding the policy of the magazine. In our present policy there is nothing hostile to Jindyworobakism. We reserve the right of criticism, and if the grounds of such criticism are shown to be untenable, we are prepared to withdraw it. But in this instance it seems that only the impartial reader can decide.

The present issue of *Southerly* appears, as will be readily understood, under even greater difficulties than before. Increased postal charges have compelled the Association to raise its subscription, and a question that may have to be faced is whether the price of *Southerly* to ordinary purchasers must also be raised. A wider sale would help to prevent this, and so once again all interested are urged to make the magazine more generally known and persuade others to support it. It seems more than ever necessary to preserve a medium of publication for experimenting Australian writers, a supply of good literary matter and a critical guide for readers. In that task everyone who has the cause of literature at heart can help.

TOM CHIRRUP HIS EXIT.

By HUGH McCRAE.

FROM this window, we can see "Crocodile Back" (houses on Bellevue Hill); melodramatic in the six o'clock light—reptilian—a mass of corrugations—unalive—yet, never quite dead. Not to be taken on trust.

Beyond that, out of sight, the Waverley Cemetery. Tom Chirrup, once happy, here; now happier, there. So happy, no bribe can wheedle him back.

Lucan, his witness:

*For, cunningly, to make's protract this breath,
The gods conceal the happiness of death.*

Rhythmus to say, while stirring porridge:

"Thank you, Porridge, for—nothing.

Keeping me alive, you postpone beatitude."

* * *

Tom Chirrup died cheerfully; as he had lived. On Friday night, an hour before the end, his man-servant and masseur (pugilist, left over from Larry Foley days), said to him, joking, "I gotta girl up there!"

"Up where?"

"Heaven."

"Heaven!?" whispered Chirrup. "Heaven must be pretty full, now—and—unless there's a side entrance—I'll have to stand. Stand, for a great while, Skeeter. A very great while, indeed."

"Ring-side seat for you, sir."

"Have to stand—for—e—tern—ity."

After a pause, Chirrup continued: "King's Cross is a nice place; and I don't, *particularly*, want to change. But, it's got to be done. And, after all, what's good enough for your girl must be good enough for me."

At that moment, Skeeter swears, the door opened, so widely that he saw into the passage outside. It seemed to be pressed back on its hinges—for a time—then, deliberately, finally, shut.

FISHING.

By MARGARET TRIST.

THEY were going fishing. Father went down to the dam and caught a dozen small perch for bait. He felt bad about it because they were friends of his like the pet lambs and Strawberry's calf and the goanna that hid behind the wash-house and stole all the eggs. Mother grumbled while she found blankets and bundled food into a long, flat basket, but she was really very excited. The three children, Polly and David and Speck, helped each other into their clean clothes, then hopped up and down the long veranda in sheer ecstasy. Polly and David could hop very nicely. Speck wobbled a lot. He'd only been four for two weeks.

They left home at six o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was sinking. The dam was like a sheet of glass with crinkly red paper underneath it. The tops of the trees were bright gold and the yellow grass had shining patches of flame amongst it. One part of the sky was orange, the other part a clear, delicate blue. The blue was so lovely Polly would have liked a tiny piece of it to hold in her hand for just a little while.

To leave home at sundown with no intention of returning till morning was something new in the children's experiences. They were out to drain every drop of enjoyment from the novel situation. The car was very full. Every spare inch was taken up with tent and blankets and food and fishing lines. The fishing lines did not take much actual space, but they got in everybody's way. Father drove carefully, with his eyes on the road ahead. Mother sat beside him and thought of all the things that would have been handy if she had remembered to bring them, while the children held hands in the back seat and sang "Oh, if I were a sunbeam".

The river was ten miles away. They had to pass Morgan's place, and Moriarty's and Kennedy's.

When they passed Morgan's, Mrs. Morgan and her husband came out on the veranda.

"Wherever can the Willisess be going this hour of the night?" Mrs. Morgan was curious.

"Perhaps Mrs. Willis's aunt has died in town", Mr. Morgan answered hopefully.

When they got near Moriatty's, Mrs. Moriatty looked through the window. "Sounds like the Willisess. I wonder what they're doing about at this hour", she said.

"Maybe she's going to have a baby", suggested Mrs. Moriatty's mother.

"Well, serve her right", said Mrs. Moriatty, banging the window. "I never did like her."

Mrs. Kennedy looked worried as they passed there.

"I do hope it's not that young Speck", she thought. "He's such a delicate child. Or maybe that fiend of a Polly has hurt herself while up to her silly tricks."

Mrs. Kennedy rang up her nearest neighbour just over the river to tell her that one of the Willis children was ill or had had an accident, and Mrs. Moriatty rang up a friend, back off the main road, and told her that Mrs. Willis was rushing off to have a baby, and Mrs. Morgan got in touch with the lower-bridge Browns to tell them that the Willis's aunty in town had died. Everyone was very happy.

Father turned off the main road and went slowly along the flat bank of the creek. Then he pulled up and they all clambered out. It was nearly dark and it wasn't as much fun as the children had supposed it was going to be putting up the big tent. It had a lot of ropes. Father didn't call them ropes when they tangled. He shouted at everyone who got in his way and as everyone kept getting in his way he shouted quite a lot.

"You'll frighten the fish, Father", said Mother placidly, and started to put on Speck's pyjamas. No one else had brought pyjamas, but Speck was a very special little boy and had to be treated carefully. At first no one had wanted Speck, but now they had him they loved him very much.

When the tent was up Father lit a dung fire, then took the fishing lines and went off along the creek bank. Mother spread chaff bags on the ground of the tent and covered the

bags with blankets. Then Mother and Polly and David and Speck sat down just inside the tent and waited. They didn't exactly know for what they were waiting, but they shivered with expectancy. The black night was all round them. The fire flickered in front of them and the river sang them a lazy song over and over again. Sometimes they heard the plip-plop of the fishing lines going into the water. It was very nice, even though they couldn't see him, to know that Father was out there in the darkness somewhere. The knowledge made them feel secure and happy and very content.

After a while Mother got the milk and poured it into glasses, and Polly took the cake out of the basket and cut it up, while David tore the wrappings off a packet of biscuits. Mother left them while she took some down to Father. Father wasn't pleased. He had just been about to catch a fish, only Mother spoilt it all.

After Speck had his milk he got tired. They rolled him in his blankets and he went fast asleep. Then Mother and Polly and David settled down to wait again. Somehow the waiting wasn't as pleasant as it had been before. The ground was hard and the sound of the river grew monotonous. A band of mosquitos suddenly descended and whirred and zinged round the tent. Mother got the fire, which was in a kerosene tin, and walked round the tent with it, letting the smoke get in all the corners. The mosquitos did not mind at all. Several times Mother went out to see how Father was getting along, but her visits always coincided with fish that were just about to bite. At last she gave it up, and she and David and Polly lay down and covered themselves with blankets.

Fishing was not the exquisite agony it was supposed to be.

"Next time he goes fishing", said Mother, darkly, somewhere about midnight, "he can go on his own. I don't see why we should be uncomfortable because of his whims."

Polly nodded gravely in the darkness. Her heart gave a funny little flutter. It was the first time that her mother had given any indication that her father was not perfection.

It seemed to be the first flickering of womanhood, this sharing of so feminine a secret.

Speck slept soundly and David intermittently, but Polly and Mother got no rest at all. Father fished unceasingly all night. Early in the morning, when the light was soft and grey, Mother crept out of the tent. Though the weather was warm, she shivered and all her limbs were stiff. Polly went out after her. They built a fire and put on the billy, then went down to see Father. Father was very bad-tempered and covered with big red lumps where mosquitos had bitten him. But he had a sugar-bag of good-sized fish and an annoyed kind of triumph which intrigued Polly very much. Never before had she been aware of Father having moods. Ever after she watched for them and diagnosed them in high glee.

They made tea and toast, and woke Speck and David to have it. It was pleasant to be eating so early in the morning and everything smelt beautifully clean. But they were stiff and their bones felt sore. Mother had a headache and David had jerked his neck. They were all, even Father, pleased to get the tent and blankets re-packed in the car and start homeward.

They called at Kennedy's and Moriarty's and Morgan's on the way and left several fish at each place.

The dam was silver in the morning light, and the yellow grass in the paddocks had shining, silver drops of dew clinging to it. Strawberry stood by the gate waiting to be milked. She moomed welcomingly.

"One thing, there's no beds to be made this morning", said Mother, trying to be pleasant. But there were all the fish to be cleaned and cooked, so she couldn't manage it very well.

"We must go down again soon", remarked Father. "It's silly with a river so close to go short of fresh fish."

RECANTATION.

Since you have played upon your instruments
Of fluting sighs and weeping, and have wrung
Soft pity from dissension,

I will take back the pæans I have sung,
The underlying harmony, the whole
Of mad and glad disunion.

The all-embracing canopy of wonder
Has crumpled to a tent of mild surprise.
I fear I can no longer breathe thereunder
Or worship dewy orbs instead of eyes.

ENID J. HUTHNANCE.

WRATH.

Wrath is much magnified.
Can dark confound the day,
Or Beauty be denied
By the brief negative decay?
The sweet immediacy of love
Lives not by opposite
But issues freely from a source
Hid in its own delight.

Faith is not overthrown
When No-Faith takes the sword.
Truth by itself is known
Not by the lying word.
Though the quick fever rage
Shall we cry health is done,
Or when a clock runs down
Mourn for a failing sun?

Whether men rest or kill,
Virtue has ever stood,
Not through the lack of ill
But by the fact of good.
Virtue stands undestroyed.
Though wrath makes trial,
Storms and bombards the world,
Wrath brings no denial.

PAUL HASLUCK.

A GLOSSARY OF WAR WORDS. I.

 By A. G. MITCHELL.

The following words and phrases have almost all originated during the present war. Some words current before the war, however, are included when they have acquired a special significance through their application to war-experience. Thus **Evacuee** is included because it is a new word. But the various uses of **Evacuate** (e.g. with personal object, intransitive) are not included because they date from the seventeenth century. **Commando** appears because of a recent extension of its meaning. **Fifth Column** was constantly used for the body of enemy-agents for some twelve months before the outbreak of war. But the fifth column is so characteristic of the Nazi technique that its inclusion is justified. Words like **U-boat**, **Jerry**, associated with the first World War, and revived during the present war, are not included.

Ack Willie. Modified "signalese". A soldier absent without leave.

Air-Raid. *Verb.* Benghazi was air-raided yesterday.

Anderson Shelter. A small air-raid shelter made of corrugated steel, distributed free to persons receiving less than a stipulated income. Named after Sir John Anderson, Home Secretary at the outbreak of war.

Atlantic Ferry. Frequently shortened to *Atfero*; referring to the method by which American planes are flown to England.

Banshee. The air-raid siren. The name was first applied by Mr. Churchill, when it was decided that workmen should not leave their work on the sounding of the alert, but should wait until warned by roof-spotters that raiders were overhead.

Blackout (*American*). Black coffee. A blackout and blitz it = A black coffee and hurry it up.

Blitz. First element of German *blitzkrieg* = lightning war.

1. *Substantive.*

(a) An intense and sustained attack, first used with reference to the German air attacks on London.

(b) With reference to anything involving intense and sustained effort : The police are conducting a blitz against jay-walkers ; A blitz tennis tournament.

(c) More vaguely with reference to something sudden : A blitz-wedding.

2. *Verb.* The verb-forms appeared roughly in the following order :

(a) *Past participle* : The blitzed areas of Coventry ; Birmingham was blitzed during the week.

(b) *Past tense active* : The luftwaffe blitzed a town on the south coast.

(c) *Infinitive* : The Germans have made their first attempt to blitz Moscow.

3. In combination : *air-blitz, winter blitz, land-blitz, fire-blitz, blitz expert, blitz strategy, blitz rush.* *Air-blitz* has been used as a verb : The Japanese air-blitz Singapore.

4. With affix : *ante-blitz, re-blitz.* This area has been blitzed and re-blitzed in recent weeks.

Blitz Buggie. A small reconnaissance tank or armoured car.

Blue Nose. A 1,000-lb. bomb.

Bomb Happy. Suffering nervous shock after subjection to bombing attacks. Formed on the analogy of *slap happy* (= *punch drunk*), used of a boxer suffering nervous derangement after a long boxing career.

Bombers' Moon. Full moon, which makes the finding of targets easier.

Britz. A term used by R.A.F. pilots as equivalent to *blitz*. Taken, apparently, from the term *Brits* applied petulantly to the British by a German radio announcer, and meant to be as disrespectful to them as their word *Japs* for *Japanese*.

Brownout. A partial blackout.

Burma Road. Used as a symbolic word equivalent to *life-line* : Every effort must be made to keep open the allies' Burma Road across the Pacific.

Bush Artillery. Captured Italian guns manned by non-combatant ranks at Tobruk.

Catafighter. A catapult-launched fighter plane.

Cat's Eyes. Specially trained night-fighter pilots, one of whose main qualifications is keen eyesight.

Commando. Portuguese *commando* = "command, party commanded". A word applied in South Africa to quasi-military expeditions of the Portuguese or the Dutch Boers against the natives. In the present war:

1. A group of specially trained guerilla fighters.
2. By extension a member of a commando, a guerilla fighter: Would you call a commando a publicity-hunter?

Cook's Tour (Raid). An unopposed air-raid, or a reconnaissance on which little opposition is met.

Coventrate. Of German invention. To reduce a town to ruin by a single intense bombing attack.

Dingo (Australian). A small reconnaissance tank or armoured car.

Dive-Bomber. A bombing plane which dives directly on its target, usually from a great height.

1. *Substantive.*
2. *Verb. Dive-Bomb.* The verb-forms appeared roughly in the following order:
 - (a) *Past participle*: The ship was dive-bombed.
 - (b) *Verbal noun*: Dive-bombing can be checked only by strong fighter opposition.
 - (c) *Past tense*: Three Nazi planes dive-bombed the convoy.
 - (d) *Infinitive*. He turned to dive-bomb us again.

Drongo (Australian). The name of a slow-flying bird. An R.A.A.F. recruit.

Dunkirk. Symbolic word signifying at once disaster and forced withdrawal, usually associated with almost miraculous rescue.

1. *Substantive.* Singapore was Australia's Dunkirk; We want no more Dunkirks.
2. *Verb*: If we land troops on that narrow peninsula Hitler will be given a chance to Dunkirk us again.

E-Boat. A fast torpedo-carrying motor-boat.

Evacuee. From *evacuate* on the analogy of *employee*, *lessee*, etc. A person evacuated from a dangerous area. Applied most commonly to children.

Eyeties. Also spelt *Ities*. Name applied to the Italians by British soldiers in Libya.

Fat Annie. A Sunderland flying-boat.

Fifth Column. A body of enemy-sympathisers whose function it is to gather information, spread defeatism and cause confusion. The phrase originated during the Spanish Civil War. When General Franco was attacking Madrid he boasted that he was attacking with four columns, but that he had a fifth column of sympathisers within the city on whose help he could rely.

Fifth Columnist. A person working in the interest of the enemy.

Flack. From German *flak*, contraction of *flugzeugabwehrkanone* = anti-aircraft gun.

(1) Anti-aircraft barrage, or anti-aircraft defences.

(2) By extension, fragments of bursting anti-aircraft shells: We flew right through the flack.

Flying Fortress. An American heavy bombing plane.

Flying Pencil. A German aircraft of the Dornier class, with a very slim fuselage.

George. The name given to British and Australian soldiers in Syria.

Ghost Voice. A voice imposed upon the wave-length of a broadcasting station, intermittently replacing the voice of the proper announcer. A method of propaganda much used against the Germans by the Russian propagandist nicknamed "Ivan the Terrible", whose favourite device was to break in with sarcastic comment upon items of news as they were announced.

Giggle Suit (*Australian*). Also **Goon Skins**. Loose and ill-fitting fatigue dress. The *goon* is a clumsy and shapeless character in the "Popeye" comic strip.

Grass-Cutter. Also **Daisy-Cutter**. A Japanese anti-personnel bomb, which hurls shrapnel close along the ground.

Hess. In the nonce-phrase *To do a Hess* = "To do a bolt".

Jeep. A wireless operator. The *jeep* is a character in the "Popeye" comic strip, who possesses remarkable powers of communication.

Jim Crow = **Roof-Spotter**.

- Jink.** To manœuvre a plane towards a target by swerving up and down and from side to side. The purpose is to deny anti-aircraft gunners the opportunity of accurate aim, which they would have if the plane kept to an even course.
- Kiwi.** A non-flying Air Force officer.
- Luftwaffe.** Pronounced [luftvafə] [laftwɒf]. The German Air Force.
- Mae West.** Life-jackets worn by R.A.F. pilots. Probably rhyming slang from *safety vest*.
- Molotov Breadbasket.** A multiple explosive and incendiary bomb, much used by the Russians against the Finns.
- Molotov Cocktail.** A home-made bomb, usually a bottle filled with petrol, used for putting tanks out of action.
- Mona and Clara.** The air-raid warning and "all clear" respectively.
- Mumbling Minnie.** Mr. A. P. Herbert's name for the British Department of Information.
- Panzer.** German *panzer* = *armour*. An armoured fighting unit.
- Parashootist.** Humorous variant of *parachutist*. A member of the British Home Guard or of the Army detailed to watch for and destroy parachute troops.
- Paratroops.** Combination of *parachute* and *troops*. Troops dropped by parachute behind enemy lines or in cities, to cause confusion or occupy strategical points.
- Quisling.** From the name of the Norwegian Nazi, Major Vidkun Quisling, who aided the Germans in their invasion of Norway. A traitor.
- Rats of Tobruk.** The soldiers of the beleaguered Tobruk garrison. They humorously appropriated this name, applied to them contemptuously by "Lord Haw Haw", the British renegade who broadcasts from Berlin.
- Refugee.** Verbal use in phrase *go refugee-ing*: It is better to stay put than to go refugee-ing when trouble starts.
- Retread (Australian).** A returned soldier of the Great War who enlists a second time.
- Roof-Spotter.** An observer posted on the roof of a building, whose duty it is to report outbreaks of fire. In English factories the roof-spotter warns workers when danger from raiders is imminent.

- Shetland Bus.** A method of escaping from Norway to Scotland, organized by a secret "escape club". To escape by this method is to travel "via the Shetland bus."
- Shuttle Plane.** A plane used to carry pilots back to America after they have delivered American planes in England.
- Siren Suit.** A garment which may be easily and quickly put on when air-raid sirens sound and it is necessary to make quickly for shelter.
- Sitzkrieg.** Humorous variant of *blitzkrieg*. The period of inactivity on the Western Front during the German campaign in Poland.
- Sky-Hook.** A parachute.
- Starlight (Lighting).** (a) *Substantive.* A form of reduced lighting achieved by the use of electric light bulbs of low candle-power, painted over with black paint, so that only a small beam of light is thrown on the roadway.
(b) *Verb.* Gangs of workmen have been busy starlighting the Eastern Suburbs.
- Stuka.** Contraction of German *sturzkammerflugzeug*. A German dive-bombing plane.
- Tickety Boo.** An R.A.F. term equivalent to *all right, O.K.*
- Tigerschmidt (Australian).** By analogy with German *Messerschmidt*. A name given to the Australian Tiger Moth training plane.
- Tin Fish.** A torpedo.
- Tobruk Medal.** A rough medal fashioned out of scrap metal by Tobruk soldiers and awarded at their discretion.
- Victory Roll.** A manœuvre carried out by R.A.F. pilots to indicate a victory in air combat.
- Victory Sign.** A sign given by raising the first and second fingers of one hand in the shape of a V.
- Warphan.** Combination of *war* and *orphan*.

NEAR MISS.

Dawn is lifting the flap of the sky
 With fingers light as silk,
 And Ladybird's home in desperate haste
 One inch before the milk!

G.

SENTENTIOUS, THIS ONE? THEN, SKIP IT . . . SKIP IT, MY LIMBER LAD!

He who sits, like Abraham, at the door of his tent, in the heat of the day when both angels and demons are abroad, will see strangers approaching the dwelling.

And the same may be said of him who sits at eventide, like Lot, in the gate of the city. For Two are destined to visit that one, and to accept such meat and such lodging as he shall contrive for them.

And woe to such a one, when the meat is at last served, should not that divine guest, even he with the silver sandals, cry tremendously and in fearsome tones:

Into the cauldron! Into the cauldron!

Therewith spuing out the first mouthful.

For, here, a ram may go substitute for a boy,

And, there, a boy go substitute for a kid.

And, here again, the law may demand the bodies of two daughters, that they be proffered to buy the lives of two strangers from certain ribald revellers.

But be assured of two things: substitution is the rule, and lack of hospitality there may not be, for all strangers are from God.

As to the truth of these maxims, stands there not a pillar of salt, bearing tongueless witness?

Again, it seems there was some mention of a mock substitution, where a great boar did proxy for a dying lord in a silken bed and a dim light, and where feral tushes even won to a chumbling of the sacred Host.

And they speak further, it seems, how there is now a bottomless tarn where once stood a certain stronghold of supreme Blasphemy.

While in the Pit, it is said, writhes a blind white worm whose coils, were they uncoiled but two and a half turns, would stretch from Sydney to the Moon—and back.

Yes, to the Moon and back.

For, since all lines imaginable are but a bight between two ends, what stretches from Here to There must also and obviously stretch from There to Here.

Stretching, they say then, is good for the health. . .

It is, in a word, a good line to follow.

And here, if you have nothing more pressing on hand, you might read up concerning Maui of our neighbours the Maoris and how he went deep-sea fishing with the twin brother of this same so extensible sinnet.

PETER HOPEGOOD.

DAYSRING OF VIRGINIA WOOLF.

By R. G. HOWARTH.

(1) "‘You’re jealous of me, William; [said Katharine] but you’re not in love with me. I’m jealous of you. Therefore, for both our sakes, I say, speak to Cassandra at once.’ . . . ‘You’re right’, he exclaimed, . . . ‘I love Cassandra.’"

"As he said this, the curtains hanging at the door of the little room parted, and Cassandra herself stepped forth.

"‘I have overheard every word!’ she exclaimed."

(2) "‘My dear Cassandra!’ [Mrs. Hilbery] exclaimed. ‘How delightful to see you back again! What a coincidence!’ she observed in a general way. . . .

"‘She missed her train’, Katharine interposed, seeing that Cassandra was unable to speak."

(Virginia Woolf, *Night and Day*, Works, Uniform Edition, pages 438-9 and 525.)

EVEN Edwin Muir, who in 1926 declared *Night and Day* to be "in some ways the finest of Mrs. Woolf’s novels", would admit that Cassandra—like her Trojan namesake—times her appearances excessively well. At the very moment when she is most needed, out she pops! It reminds one of the stage, as it was in the simple old days when eavesdropping and accident sufficed as dramatic resources. Indeed, the authorial pulling of strings is so obvious here as to be almost laughable—and in no other of her books can one laugh at Virginia Woolf.

Night and Day was published in 1919, about four years after *The Voyage Out*. The latter, in the opinion of every judge but Muir, is by far the better novel. It certainly shows much more originality. *The Voyage Out*,¹ and not *Night and Day*, prepares us for *Jacob’s Room* of 1922, which opens Mrs. Woolf’s series of experiments in the form and technique of the novel. What, then, can be the explanation of the apparent retrogression in *Night and Day*? The common view is stated by E. M. Forster when he describes the book as "a deliberate exercise in classicism". Going further, Winifred Holtby

¹ See, for example, the extraordinary passage on pages 346-7.

assumes that in it Mrs. Woolf set herself to imitate Jane Austen, and attempts to explain some of its weaknesses by mentioning that, "at the time of writing her second novel", she was ill. But, even so, *Night and Day* is obviously less mature, less *experienced* than *The Voyage Out*. It seems incredible that a delicate and subtle study, such as this, of a girl's adolescence, love and death, should have been followed by a plain, straightforward exposition of human relations, almost in the manner and style of George Eliot.¹ Is it possible, then, that *Night and Day*, though published after *The Voyage Out*, is really the earlier book of the two?²

Consider the time and setting of the action. *Night and Day* evolves amidst the struggle for women's suffrage in the years preceding the last war. One of the principal characters is Mary Datchet, who acts as secretary to the suffragist organisation. At one point it is reported to Mary that the bill on which hopes of the vote depend has again been shelved. This is most likely a reference to either of the actual failures in 1907 and 1913.³ The right to vote was not conceded, it will be recalled, until 1918. Now if *Night and Day* had been written in 1918—or, at any rate, between 1915 and 1919—surely the whole view of the matter would have altered. The novel may, possibly, be "historical" (*The Voyage Out* is deliberately assigned to "the beginning of the twentieth century"); it may be true, as Miss Holtby suggests, that "if⁴ Mrs. Woolf wished to write a domestic story on the Jane Austen model, she had to stage its scene at some time prior to August, 1914". Nevertheless, it undoubtedly reads rather like a topical production of about 1913.

Such an impression is borne out, indeed, by the entire absence from the book of any hint or even impress of the war. Miss Holtby, remarking that "the oppression of the war must have been terrific", asserts that in writing *Night and Day* Mrs. Woolf "deliberately shut it out". But once again we have mere

¹ I find Jane Austen only in the comedy.

² Miss Holtby implies that it was written in 1918. But she does not know for certain, and if at that time Mrs. Woolf "was allowed to work for only about an hour a day", that—considering the extreme length of the book—is most improbable.

³ Compare Miss Holtby: "From internal evidence, . . . we gather that the date [of the events in the book] is round about 1912."

⁴ Notice the "if".

assumption, to account for the detached character of the novel.¹ It seems inconceivable that such a book as this should have been composed in London during the war years—truly a feat of abstraction which, to one of Mrs. Woolf's known sensibility and sensitiveness to life, would surely have been quite impossible.²

In view, therefore, of its relative immaturity and also of its apparent contemporaneousness with the historical events treated, it seems probable that *Night and Day* antedates by a year or more *The Voyage Out*. Why, then, the long delay in publication—from 1913 or 1914 to 1919? A simple explanation would be that, originally rejected by publishers, *Night and Day* was accepted only after the success of the *Voyage Out*³—some years after. What was Virginia Woolf doing in the meantime? Why did she not produce a new novel? For one thing, as we have been told, at this period she was ill; for another, she could not yet afford to devote herself to writing.

The pitiable condition of the woman author who has no private means is the burden of *A Room of One's Own*, that noted "feminist" tractate of 1929; and in this she tells the story of her early difficulties—pecuniary troubles from which an unexpected legacy rescued her. "The news of my legacy reached me", she says, "one night about the same time that the act was passed that gave votes to women. A solicitor's letter fell into the post-box and when I opened it I found that [my aunt] had left me five hundred pounds a year for ever. Of the two—the vote and the money—the money, I own, seemed infinitely the more important. Before that I had made my living by cadging odd jobs from newspapers, by reporting a donkey show here or a wedding there; I had earned a few pounds by addressing envelopes, reading to old ladies, making artificial flowers, teaching the alphabet to small children in a kindergarten. Such were the chief occupations that were open to women before 1918."

¹ In reading Miss Holtby's study, we must bear in mind her own statements that, when in 1930 she began to write it (it was published in 1932), she was not personally acquainted with her subject, and that subsequently she had only one interview with her. During this interview, Mrs. Woolf "confirmed some biographical details". "But for the facts themselves", adds Miss Holtby, "and still more for the deductions that I have drawn from them, I alone must accept responsibility. Mrs. Woolf has neither read my manuscript nor authorised any statement in it."

² The argument that, since Jane Austen could do it, Virginia Woolf could do it too, does not hold, for the war of 1914-18 was at London's lintel.

³ This was "well received"—Holtby.

Here no mention is made of novels—indeed the whole implication is that continuous writing had thitherto been impossible—or, at any rate, became increasingly difficult. That, on the receipt of the legacy, she immediately set to work and composed *Night and Day* one must refuse to believe. Leaving it aside, for about four years more, until the appearance in 1922 of her third novel, *Jacob's Room*, she wrote no fiction except short stories.

If the foregoing arguments for the early dating of *Night and Day* be entertained, for the first time it will become possible, it seems, to view the book in right perspective. Mrs. Woolf's one fully conventional novel will be seen as her initial attempt. Approaching it thus, we may, surely, the better excuse its deficiencies.

How strangely you came, my lover,
Over the razor'd wheat,
Stepping between the stubble
With your olive naked feet.

How oddly you pressed, my lover,
The chaos-chiselled ground;
Gathered the screaming colours
And spun them into sound.

Long was I wrecked and foundered
On the parched shoals of the brain.
Each livid eye was gutted
In the varnished sun's refrain.

Slowly the music filtered
Through the chaff's taut-thirsty dust.
Gently the colour sifted
Beneath the soul's chapped crust.

The grey-hued formless blossoms
Like sprawling hillside forts,
You plied, caressed and tinted
With a flute's few purple thoughts.

How swiftly you came, my lover,
Like a knight with a fierce intent.
My love is scattered and withered
In this fused astonishment.

MUIR HOLBURN.

BROUGHT TO BOOK.

THE POETS AND AUSTRALIA.

Jindyworobak Anthology, 1941. Edited by Rex Ingamells. (F. W. Preece, Ltd., Adelaide, 1941. 3s. 6d.) *Angry Penguins*, No. 2. Edited by Max Harris. (The Adelaide University Arts Association, 1941.) *Australian Poetry*, 1941. Selected by Douglas Stewart. (Angus and Robertson Ltd., Sydney, 1941. 4s. 6d.) *Meanjin Papers*, Nos. 6 (1941) and 7 (1942). Edited by C. B. Christesen. (Brisbane. 2s. each.)

I am impatient of your encroaching faces
And turn to a wilder limitless delight.
For I've seen hardenbergia twine
Its tendrils round the trees, across the track
Its vagrant purple fling
(Soul of all wandering).
How can the same heart worship at your shrine—
O alien Spring?

So says Gina Ballantyne in her poem "Daffodils", published in the *Jindyworobak Anthology* for 1941. The exaggerated parochialism of this outlook seems all too characteristic of the Jindyworobaks. Their favourite theme is their preference of Australia to all other countries and of the outback to Australian cities; such titles as "To the Bush", "Pseudo-Australians", "The Austral-Anglo", and "Australia" reveal their bias. Unfortunately the poems inspired by this theme are mostly poor in quality. Ian Mudie, for instance, though he is able to present his point of view poetically in "Environment", lets propaganda drive out poetry altogether in "Skull", where after the flattest of phrases ("this beauty beyond compare") he continues:

But our eyes are not less blind
to the loveliness of our Land
about us on every hand,
the beauty we shall not find
till Europe fades from the mind.

The Jindyworobaks seem unwilling to realize that to most Australians a Central Australian background is just as alien and artificial as a European, and that a second-rate poem is not more valuable because it happens to be written on some such topic as "drought"; nor is a vapid piece of description like John Opie's "The First Galah" any better because its subject is a galah and not a nightingale. But although it would be unfair to suggest that all their work is of this kind, some of the more personal and emotional poems are equally shallow. Marjory Law's "In Absentia", Ellen Jose's "Fever", W. B. Reilly's "Daythings", and Paula Fitzgerald's "Hope" are examples; though the first two try to achieve sophistication and the last two simplicity, they are all, in my opinion, platitudinous. As for Flexmore Hudson's tiresome Whitmanesque rhapsody "As Seeds through Years of Drought", it is at once pretentious and prosaic.

The poems that impressed me most were Brian Vrepon's "Down with the Death Cry!" and Max Harris's "Harris the Hobo"—neither of them aggressively "Jindyworobak" productions. The former poem begins arrestingly:

I should be ingrate of the womb
To sing my skeleton,
Praise, mourn in advance its rattlebabble
In the wormy dark;
Death is a foetid masque I will not wear,
Even in living agonies.

and continues with a depth and complexity of thought and expression which are the more notable by contrast with most of the other poems. The same might be said of Mr. Harris's poem, though the occasional eccentricities of punctuation do not enhance its effect. These no doubt are deliberate; but one must protest not merely against the inconvenient arrangement of the anthology, by which the authors' names are relegated to the back pages, but against the careless proof-reading, which has allowed such obvious errors as "presumptious" (p. 9) and "vitcim" (p. 56) to pass.

Mr. Ingamells has not stinted the size of his anthology, and as well as the many inferior offerings there are interesting poems by C. B. Christesen, Alister Kershaw, Peter Hopegood, Leonard Mann, John Ingamells, and Betty Riddell (spelt Riddel). Llywellyn Lucas's short poem "When . . ." shows a power of epigrammatic compression which some of the Jindyworobak rhapsodists might well study; and there is an attractive love-lyric, "Silent", by Paul L. Grano.

There is apparently something in the Adelaide air just now that breeds heresies; at any rate, Mr. Max Harris and his "Angry Penguins" represent a point of view which, although entirely different from that of the Jindyworobaks, is in its way equally fallacious. If the Jindyworobaks are the neo-primitives of Australian verse, the Angry Penguins are certainly the intellectual snobs. It is not through a wish to decry "intellectual poetry" as such that one objects to their attitude, but because that attitude is so arrogant, narrow, and intolerant. Thus in a foreword to *Angry Penguins*, No. 2, the editor says: "I believe that this is the only literary publication in Australia which is alive. . . . Like it or not, such work as this IS the valid and valuable art of here and now. There is no rival to it. It is." And beside a reproduction of a picture by Sidney Nolan called "Woman and Tree", of which one can only say that it looks like almost anything *except* a woman and a tree, we read: "Trivial critics have accused this artist of impertinence, merely because their inner experience is so limited that they are completely incapable of extending their hidebound sensibility to embrace with enthusiasm the unknown message of the future which is revealed to them. It is always so." Such youthful

naïveté would surely impose on no one but its author. Novelty and obscurity are not necessarily proofs of greatness, but they are certainly the attributes of Alexandrianism. Consider H. M. Swan's poems "translated from the French". Whose French does not seem to matter—to an Angry Penguin the label is apparently self-sufficient, like the magic word "Paris" on a bottle of perfume. But I must range myself with Mr. Nolan's "trivial critics" and confess that I find nothing but impertinence in such a "Poem" as the following:

The cowardice of strength is black like the faithful eyes of strength
 the four colours of beards are white black green and blue
 the speed of stones is blue
 water's characterless quality is green
 and the flesh of children is black.

The editor has arranged his material cunningly, placing the simpler things first, and leaving till the end the magnificent obscurity of his own "The Traveller" and Mr. Gleeson's "Collision, and the Birth of Majorities". Whatever one may think of Max Harris's theories, he is certainly not lacking in poetic power, and his "Myth" and "Two Spring Songs" are notable contributions to the volume; but in "The Traveller" he carries his abrupt transitions and defiance of punctuation to extremes. "Myth" deserves to be read both as an interesting statement of the poet's philosophy and for the vivid images of "The 'Prelude'", ranging from the directness and modernity of

In the craters, the ghost-pines soared their phalli,
 pyloning the sky, to canvas-in the ogre

to the literary allusiveness of

Legends of lakes
 rose like Palamedes, unsanctified, raw
 and without beauty to the child dream.

Douglas Stewart's anthology *Australian Poetry, 1941* (the fore-runner, it is hoped, of an annual series), is, as its title implies, less restricted in outlook than either of the preceding volumes, and it is also more even in quality, though it offers work by established poets such as Shaw Neilson and the late Furnley Maurice alongside that of young practitioners like James McAuley and Rosemary Dobson. The purpose of the editor has been to select the best of the year's output rather than to encourage the efforts of any single group of writers; and his eclecticism is certainly justified by the result. There is no single unforgettable poem in the collection, but the general standard is surprisingly good. It opens with a work in traditional vein, Mary Gilmore's little poem "The Pear-Tree", in which the terror of human mortality is expressed in terms of childhood; and it ends with one that shows plainly enough the influence of the younger English writers, Rosemary Dobson's "Australian Holiday, 1940". Phrases like "the punctual miles" and "the unmindful steamer" show that Miss Dobson has studied the Audenesque mannerisms; but despite an occasional use of weak epithets as in "matchless sky" and "perfect flight", her poem

is a distinctly promising piece of work. So, too, is James McAuley's "Stanzas", which gains dignity from a sculpturesque firmness of outline.

Australian Poetry, 1941, is far more representative of Australians, if not of Australia, than the *Jindyworobak Anthology*. The absence of poems inspired by such urgent modern problems as the present war is a striking feature of the latter volume; but *Australian Poetry* contains several fine examples—Robert D. FitzGerald's "1918-1941", T. Inglis Moore's "Star Drill", and Douglas Stewart's "The Unknown Soldier". Mr. FitzGerald, whose two contributions are marked by characteristic conciseness and clear-cut imagery, presents war as a schoolmaster "in a square cap, gowned and grotesque". Mr. Moore sees that nature and mankind are both subject to "conscription", and asks:

Why should I, earth's manikin, rebel
At being a soldier along with marching suns,
One with the invincible armies of heaven?
But where are the drums to time their feet?
Who is the shouting astral sergeant,
Who the celestial C.O.?

Mr. Stewart's poem is stripped clean of verbiage and makes its point simply and directly; of it one might truly say "the poetry is in the pity".

The sixth and seventh numbers of *Meanjin Papers* contain prose and verse of various types. The sixth is the more significant, being a "Nationality Number", but it is a protest against, rather than a plea for, insularity—witness Brian Vrepont's poem "Nationalism". P. R. Stephensen's article on "Queensland Culture", however, is an exception, and is full of fallacies; for instance, he seems to think that culture is something that can be consciously created in a short space of time. He is appalled because a million people living in an area three times bigger than France or Japan and seven times bigger than Great Britain haven't produced a culture of their own; but surely this very dispersal of a small population over a large area is an impediment to the growth of culture. Again, he says: "It is the primary task of Queensland poets to make the Queensland people more aware of Queensland . . . the primary task of Cape York poets to make the Cape York people more aware of Cape York", and then proceeds to mention Theocritus as a poet first and foremost of Greece—surely an unhappy illustration, since Theocritus was a Sicilian writing under Greek influence! The volume also contains some excellent reviews of Australian poetry.

The seventh number consists mainly of prose, though short stories are disappointingly absent. Most interesting are the eulogy of Bernard O'Dowd by Nettie Palmer and the attack on the same poet by L.L. The publishing of these two points of view is further proof of the liberal policy of the editor of *Meanjin Papers*.

T. G. HERRING.

A VARIETY OF VERSE.

Sonnets to the Unknown Soldier. By Douglas Stewart. (Angus and Robertson, Sydney, 1941. 3s. 6d.) *The Poems of Lesbia Harford.* (Melbourne University Press, Melbourne, 1941. 3s. 6d.) *Translations (Mostly).* By Martin Haley. (A Yallaroi Publication, Brisbane, 1941.) *Country Dance.* By Marceine Ia Dickfos. (The Meanjin Press, Brisbane, 1941.)

You see that fellow with the grin, one eye on the girls,
The other on the pub, his uniform shabby already?
Well, don't let him hear us, but he's the unknown soldier.

The Unknown Soldier dies in every war.
He is the stone man crushed by the wheel of history,
He is the green man feeding the roots of the grass,
He is the warm man, lover and father of children,
And by his endurance the world rolls on into light
And the grass comes up in the spring and the children laugh.

MR. STEWART'S war sonnets do not suffer so much from their lack of rhyme as of reason. He is likely to please nobody. The enthusiastic patriot will probably dislike his debunking of the hero-symbol and the student of history will point out that his simple-minded acceptance of our own admirable propaganda against the Germans does him credit as a patriot, but is inadequate as the political basis of prophecy. For prophecy is what he seems to be attempting. There is too much cheap propaganda in these poems and they are full of confused thinking. They have the specious appearance of an intellectual vision, but like the Zeitgeist verse of Stephen Spender, which they resemble in technique, their thought is hollow and the message is bogus. There is the familiar false sentiment of the journalist's lowest-common-denominator appeal to the "body of a London child shattered by bombers"—as though bombs never hit old women or fat men or if they do it doesn't matter. In fact, there is so much blue-eyed emotion in the poems that one wonders whether Mr. Stewart wrote them with his tongue in his cheek. One wonders whether he can seriously believe his own theses that it is the man who fights and suffers and dies who keeps the world rolling on into light—as if his unknown soldier did not compose the majority of the men in all armies, on all sides, in all wars—the armies that drag the world down into darkness as well as those that bring it back into the light. As a poem it is a fair recruiting poster.

The other poems in the volume are worth reading, especially the romantic lyric "The Presences", in which Mr. Stewart does perfectly what he has tried to do several times in earlier volumes where his treatment of the same theme was rather uncertain.

The Melbourne University Press has brought out the collected verse of Lesbia Harford, about whom I knew nothing until I read the

biographical foreword by Nettie Palmer. Lesbia Harford died in 1925, but her verse might have been written any time in the last fifty years. It is limited in technique and ladylike in tone, casual and artless in method, and much of it has the kind of innocent feminine namby-pamby about it that characterises so many domesticated poetesses from Eliza Cook to Fay Inchfawn. At least that is what you think at first, and suddenly you find that the innocence is of the heart and not of the mind. This woman who took law and sociology for her study and became a working girl in a clothing factory so that she would know what she was talking about, can both think and surprise you with the biting force of observation couched in the tone of a casual remark. For example, notice how "The Invisible People" depends on one radio-active word that can burn a hole right through you if you go on thinking about it:

When I go into town at half-past seven
Great crowds of people stream across the ways,
Hurrying although it's only half-past seven,
They are the invisible people of the days.

When you go into town about eleven
The hurrying morning crowds are hid from view,
Shut in the silent building at eleven
They toil to make life meaningless for you.

It's a pity that the editors have included so much slight and worthless scraps from letters. One has the same feeling as with Keat's playful verses in his letters—in their context they are explicable and delightful. Torn from it and published in the *Collected Poems* they look silly.

Martin Haley's third volume of verse is harder to assess. As the title suggests, it is mostly made up of translations. The translation of poetry is a fascinating and an exasperating pastime—but it is rarely worth while publishing the results unless the rendering is either a fine poem by itself or an extremely accurate translation of the original. Most translators try to compromise between these two and please nobody. Those who cannot read the original, complain of incomprehensible distortions and flatnesses in the poem; those who can read the original complain like Shylock of a charity that is not in the bond.

Judged by these standards, Mr. Haley's work is a curate's egg. In his translation of St. Thomas Aquinas's magnificent hymn *Lauda Sion Salvatorem* he has wisely, for a Catholic, aimed at strict translation of sense. He has faithfully followed the metre of the original, though I am sorry to see that he has presumptuously smoothed out the two little skipping irregularities which the fattest of the saints permitted himself in the third stanza. The result is a rendering which is very much better than the partial and vague rendering by the compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*—compilers who were of

course anxious to conceal from the Anglican flock that this hymn was a celebration of the doctrine of transubstantiation. But indeed it is more than a celebration. It is an exact statement of the dogma by the greatest philosophical mind that the mediaeval church produced. The miracle is that it is a fine poem as well. Mr. Haley's devotion to the letter of doctrine has made for some roughnesses in the verse, but on the whole his translations from mediaeval Latin are the best things in the volume.

His translations from French are less successful. For one thing he has challenged comparison by attempting well-known and much translated poems such as Ronsard's *Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle*. For another he has yielded to a temptation to alter the original with an occasional romantic touch of his own, while there are occasional bald or clumsy renderings and inversions forced on him by the sense of the original. The most successful of these poems is his translation of Du Bellay's *Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage*, and the least successful that of Baudelaire's last great sonnet in which the changes and omissions, though apparently trifling, show that the translator has missed the tragic significance of the poem and has turned it into a piece of decoration.

The translations from classical Latin poets are for the most part competent and readable, though one wonders again why he follows such well-beaten tracks. What Mr. Haley excels in, and what I hope his fourth volume will be devoted to, is translation of the treasure store of accentual mediaeval Latin verse, sacred and profane—a treasure store which is still almost unknown to English readers, except in the romanticised versions of translators like Jack Lindsay and Helen Waddell.

Miss Marceline Dickfos's first volume of verse has a few of the poems that anyone can write if they are young and live in the country, but most of them have character and promise, and one or two of them very definite realisation of the scene and moment of their subject. "Fishing by Night" is a beautiful piece of description—it is always the plain straightforward description that is best in her work. She can give the plowing, the look of a vineyard, two men shelling corn, the fishing at night on the river's edge under the she-oaks with the vividness that makes it seem like the reader's own reminiscence. But when she tries to comment on her experience the result is conventional and trite. It is, nevertheless, an impressive beginning for a writer who is still an undergraduate and not yet twenty.

A. D. HOPE.

EMPTY ROMANCE?

The Empty Room. By Charles Morgan. (Macmillan, London, 1941.)

THE announcement that Charles Morgan has published a new novel is always welcome, for it is difficult to forget the pleasure—almost the “thrill”—with which one first read *Portrait in a Mirror* and *The Fountain*. *Sparkenbroke*, later, was a comparative failure, and *The Voyage* was uncertain; but the play *The Flashing Stream* promised better things, and there is always the hope that Mr. Morgan will write another novel as good as those that made his name.

The new novel, *The Empty Room*, sounds promising: it is, we are told, “his first experiment in the *conte*, and may be compared for length with Henry James’s *The Turn of the Screw*”—of which, indeed, we are reminded also by the “ghost” scenes. These, although obviously not to be taken literally, do seem unnecessary and foreign to Morgan. The theme is not, however, entirely new, being closely connected with the “singleness of mind” of which we have heard before; and this is clearly not another book “about the war”, as one English reviewer seems to have imagined it might be, although, it need hardly be said, every reference to the war is, as in *The Fountain*, of special interest. Few understand as well as Mr. Morgan the psychological effects of war, particularly on the artist.

The central characters are Richard Cannock, an ophthalmic surgeon doing special research work; Henry Rydal, the old friend on whom he is “billeted”; Rydal’s wife, Venetia; and his daughter, Carey, with whom Cannock falls in love. Henry and Venetia Rydal have been parted for twenty years, but under the influence of Cannock, and because of Rydal’s love—“the whole point of Henry is that he everlastingly re-imagines a woman he loves; it’s his way of loving her”—they find peace again. “To the spirit that is quiet a natural refreshment comes as to a body that sleeps, but not otherwise. Despair is a disease, an insomnia of the soul that forbids its own healing; but the quiet of others may give to one in the grip of it an opportunity to be healed.”

We have, too, all the old brilliance of phrase (“that intensity of observation which was given to the Elizabethans by the perilous uncertainty of their lives”); of observation (“the consolation that a man of intellect has so often in the company of one whom he feels to be spiritually wiser than himself”); and of incidental comment (“the root question isn’t whether France is whipped but whether, in the end, she learns to kiss the rod and begins to whine and to sentimentalize her surrender”).

But Mr. Morgan is becoming mannered (Carey “struggling for words in which to communicate her experience” brings *Sparkenbroke* only too palpably before me), and his characters, perhaps because of

the shortness of this novel, are sometimes not much better than types and occasionally unreal. "Whatever else might have failed in her, she could still be brilliant and challenging company when in a good mood; Henry would praise her for it and she loved to be praised." A husband *praising* his wife for her wit? It doesn't seem the right word; unless we are to accept the old criticism that all Morgan's heroes are prigs, this is unnatural. And that, I think, is the real tragedy. I must confess that I don't believe Mr. Morgan any more.

H. J. OLIVER.

ROAD-GANG.

The Battlers. By Kylie Tennant. (Gollancz, London, 1941. 9s. 6d.)

THAT there will be a wide reading public for Miss Kylie Tennant's latest novel there seems no doubt. Her particular brand of "realism", although not the latest, is probably the most popular; all of her facts "ring true", and indeed she has followed her practice of collecting her material by living with the people of whom she intends to write. In this novel her characters are "the battlers"—the bagmen, buskers and others who in their vans or on foot travel constantly around New South Wales doing odd jobs of work when these offer, but for the most part relying on the dole. Miss Tennant concentrates on four of these, follows their travels during some months and succeeds in giving many clear pictures of their life. One section I clearly remember describes the folly and would-be gaiety of the crowds who flock to a country town for the picnic races; it is in reproducing the details of a scene like this that Miss Tennant is at her best.

I do feel, however, that *The Battlers* is, to borrow a phrase from Katherine Mansfield, "a little bit made up". For example, although there are some striking phrases, a few similes and metaphors seem "ready-made" and appear unnaturally; and several episodes throw no light at all on the characters, but are included, so far as one can judge, simply because the authoress did see such things happen. The result is a kind of evenness that may be accurate reporting, but is little more; one has the uneasy feeling that some incidents—e.g. the flood and the fire—are intended to be important, although in fact they do not stand out clearly enough from the episodes around them. As a result the novel has little progression and no satisfying climax. The characters appeal because of their novelty, but do not all develop; and I could not help thinking that I should have known more about them if H. E. Bates had taken them as the subject for one short story.

The story-telling could also, I think, be more subtle. Miss Tennant sometimes does not give the reader credit for intelligence. For example, after calling her hero "Snow" at least twelve times in the first two pages, she writes of "the growth of straw-coloured hair which had

earned him the usual bush name for fair-haired men: 'Snow' ". Again, although she has described carefully Miss Phipps's views on the desirability of "the World Feminised State", she finds it necessary on returning to the subject to say: "This State, *it must be remembered*, was the one Miss Phipps intended to set up herself. . . ." Later still, we learn that Mrs. Postlewaite has received a letter from her brother urging her to come home to him, we hear her talking with her husband about "going home to Ted" and then we are humiliated to find Miss Tennant telling us "Ted was her brother"!

It is perhaps just worth adding that Miss Tennant has not been particularly lucky in her publisher. The proof-reading has not been careful enough, and it is odd to find fruit-pickers coming to N.S.W. "south from Victoria; north from Queensland". Nor are we likely to be impressed by the announcement on the jacket that we here have 148,000 words for 9s. 6d. Miss Tennant surely deserved better; and I was pleased to hear that the American edition is generally superior.

H. J. OLIVER.

SHAKESPEARE'S CÆSAR.

"Julius Cæsar": A Public Lecture delivered for the Australian English Association, by S. Musgrove, B.A. (Oxon), on August 19, 1941. (Australian English Association, Sydney, 1941. 1s. 6d.)

"It is never easy", says Mr. Musgrove, with a restraint which one cannot but admire, "it is never easy to say anything new about *Julius Cæsar* because, although it is not a play of very great obscurity or complexity, it has been discussed very frequently by the professional critics." Those who appreciate his complaint will also appreciate the unassuming firmness with which he treats a well-worn theme in his own way.

Mr. Musgrove elects to consider the play rather as a history than as a tragedy, and his training as a classic qualifies him to compare Shakespeare's Cæsar and Brutus with their originals; but he resists the temptation to wander from the play itself in quest of something new to say. On the contrary, he sticks very closely to his job of observing how the practical dramatist moulds his materials and tackles his problems; and he has, I think, managed to do something which should excite the envy of most occasional lecturers on Shakespeare—that is to say, he has dealt with a variety of important questions, but has subordinated them all to his main line of argument. We see how the individualistic conception of history conditions Shakespeare's approach; how he deals with the problem of modifying historical characters to fit his play; how he "composes" his picture, and makes a few characters suggest a world; and how at last certain tragic and

perhaps moral conceptions emerge from the conflict. Within these clearly marked phases of argument Mr. Musgrove says much that is interesting, and sometimes controversial, about the detail of the play.

I. R. MAXWELL.

THE RIGHT CASKET.

The Merchant of Venice. Edited by Rev. Bro. Gerard, M.A. (E. J. Dwyer, Sydney, 1941. 2s. 3d.)

THE problem to be faced by all those who prepare an edition of a play for children at the Intermediate standard is the extent to which scholarship should give way to good teaching method. It is surely humbug to expect young students reading their second (or, if they are fortunate, third) Shakespeare play to pass judgment upon the Early Editions, the Indications of Date or even Shakespeare's Use of his Sources; and it seems wasteful to heap up section upon section of introduction for the use of children, many of whom it is a major triumph to guide to a simple understanding of the action and characters of the play.

Bro. Gerard has shown commendable moderation in the number of his preliminary sections. Even so, the sources are treated at too great length; and surely the Attitude of Christendom to Interest is more strikingly (not to say, more humanly) expressed in the play itself than in the somewhat ponderous disquisition on pp. viii-ix. Other important questions are given satisfactory treatment, however, and the avoidance of set "character studies" (great encouragements to the learnt-off answer) shows a feeling for good teaching practice. The summaries, questionnaire and glossary are well compiled, while private study will be made pleasant by the full notes. The setting-out of the text is most attractive.

W. MILGATE.

NOTES.

Jindyworobakism.—The extracts referred to in the editorial are:

(1) "I do not wish to be misunderstood. Some of the greatest Australian literature yet to be may have no local colour at all. Its settings may be in China or Mars. Our best poetry must deal with universal themes; and whether or not the Australian environment forms a background is a matter for individual poets. But all this does not affect the essence of my argument. The real test of a people's culture is the way in which they can express themselves in relation

to their environment, and the loftiness and universality of their artistic conceptions raised on that basis."—Rex Ingamells, *Conditional Culture*, 1938, page 6.

(2) "The Jindyworobaks stand for a precise cultural movement. While we realize that culture springs from varied sources, we insist that a nation's culture depends for significance on distinctive qualities, peculiar to that nation alone. It is to stress such qualities in Australia that the Jindyworobaks have sprung into being. It is ridiculous to assume—as is assumed in some quarters—that we are against the appreciation of overseas art, or that we regard the only suitable subjects for Australian art to be typically Australian subjects. It is right to assume that we want to see more writers and painters dealing with typically Australian subjects, and that we are categorical concerning art of this kind. . . . Mediocre work, if it fights shy of pseudo-European humbug, we encourage; and we believe we are farsighted in doing so."—Editorial in *Venture*, Jindyworobak Quarterly Pamphlet, No. 1, April, 1939.

"*Ulysses*."—Last November, at a special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Australian English Association, it was resolved to ask the Minister for Customs to lift the ban on Joyce's *Ulysses*. A copy of the current issue of *Southerly*, containing Mr. Maxwell's address on *Ulysses*, accompanied the letter, receipt of which was duly acknowledged. It is to be hoped that the duties of the Minister will not prevent him from giving the matter further attention, since it was in acceptance of his own challenge to "reputable literary bodies" that action was taken by the Australian English Association.

Writers and Education.—We have received from the W.A. Section of the Fellowship of Australian Writers a copy of the Presidential Address delivered by Mrs. Henrietta Drake-Brockman on November 1, 1941, under the title of *Education for Life*. The most interesting pages of the leaflet are those which deal with the achievements of the Australian writer, particularly during the past ten years, with the origin and work of the Fellowship, and with the part the writer can play in Australian education.

"*Southerly*" Abroad.—In noticing the April, 1941, issue of *Southerly*, the editor of *Notes and Queries* comments: "Perhaps the article of most general interest is Mr. H. M. Green's survey of Australian literature for the years 1939 and 1940. . . . Mr. Green leaves one with the impression that a good deal of Australian literature inclines easily to satire." (August 16, 1941.)

"*English*."—The Autumn, 1941, number of *English* contains articles by G. Wilson Knight, Clement F. Rogers and Mona Wilson, a short story by H. L. V. Fletcher, poems by Wilfrid Gibson, Lord Gorell, G. Rostrevor Hamilton, Ian Bancroft and Sidney Keyes, along with dramatic notes by Una Ellis-Fermor, and various reviews (among which is one by Wilfrid Gibson of the collection of lectures, *Some*

Modern Writers, delivered by members of the Department of English at the University of Sydney).

Donations to "Southerly".—A particularly generous donation was that of Mr. H. M. Green, who made over to *Southerly* the royalties (which were considerable) from the sale of his book *Christopher Brennan*. Miss Hazel Keavney's, Miss Ruth Bedford's, Mr. Peter Hopegood's, and Mr. C. J. H. O'Brien's contributions of money are herewith gratefully acknowledged. Mr. H. L. McLoskey has had Volumes One and Two of *Southerly* bound at his own expense. The title-page for Volume Two was impertinently supplied by the Editor, "to make all right".

Priapus.—See *Southerly*, July, 1940, p. 10, and November, 1940, p. 42. The pronunciation with the accent on the second syllable is found in "The Beggar's Marriage", a poem by the first Duke of Newcastle:

With acclamations now of louder joy
Prayed Hymen Priapus to send a boy.

The Cavalier and His Lady,
ed. Jenkins, 1872, p. 158.

Printer's Errors in "Southerly".—July, 1941, p. 34, par. 3: "the last crowd of castaways" should have read "the last of a crowd of castaways". November, 1941, p. 24, l. 4: "that . . . always left her sudden": read "sullen".

"Macbeth."—Copies of Professor Waldock's public lecture on *Macbeth* are available from the Hon. Secretary, from Miss Herring at the University, and from booksellers. The price is 1s. (postage 1½d.).

Binding of "Southerly".—The binding of members' copies of *Southerly* will be arranged on request. Volumes One and Two can be bound separately, or in one volume, in blue cloth, at the following rates: Volume One, seven shillings; Volume Two, seven shillings; Volumes One and Two together, eight shillings and sixpence. Orders and copies may be left at the University with the Editors, or Miss Herring.

Volumes already bound in blue cloth are obtainable at the following rates: Volume One, thirteen shillings; Volume Two, eleven shillings and sixpence; Volumes One and Two, nineteen shillings.

THE AUSTRALIAN ENGLISH ASSOCIATION.

Annual Report, 1941.

THOUGH it may be difficult to reconcile the statement with the Treasurer's Financial Report, 1941 was a successful year. This success, however, was in achievement, and though the Association has realised its aims in the ethical sense, financially, as you will notice, the position is not nearly so healthy.

It is unfortunate that a society such as this, which is supplying in no small measure a definite need in the cultural life of the State, should for its existence be dependent on the pockets as well as on the enthusiasm of its members. But so it is, and one must emphasise more than ever the present need for a full enrolment of members if the work of the Association is to continue and its ideals to be upheld.

In times of stress it is societies such as ours that necessary economies hit hardest and soonest, but we would ask members to continue their support of the Association so that its various activities may not be curtailed.

The Annual General Meeting was held on 18th April; Mr. McLoskey presided.

The Annual Report and the Annual Balance Sheet were read and adopted, and the office-bearers for the year were elected.

On the conclusion of the formal business there were a discussion of *Southerly*, readings of original verse by Miss Holburn and Mr. H. E. V. Smythe, and a talk on "War Words" by Dr. A. G. Mitchell.

The Annual Dinner was held in the Withdrawing Room at the University on 27th November, there being a large attendance, Mr. McLoskey presiding.

The toast of "The Association" was proposed by the Hon. Clive Evatt, Minister for Education, and was replied to by Mr. C. J. H. O'Brien, B.A.

"Australian Literature" was proposed by Mr. W. M. Fleming. Miss Katherine Susannah Pritchard replied.

We are once again indebted to Mr. Howarth and Dr. Mitchell for the work and enthusiasm they have devoted to *Southerly*.

The Association also expresses its thanks to Mr. A. Cousins and Mr. W. M. Clarke for their kindness in auditing the Annual Financial Statement.

During the year the following addresses were given:

March.—Mr. Wallace Lennard, M.A.: "Australian History in Australian Verse."

May.—Mr. H. L. McLoskey, B.A.: "Henry Arthur Jones and the Renaissance of English Drama."

June.—Mr. Peter Hopegood: "The Symbology of the Robin Hood Cycle."

July.—Miss D. Auchterlounie, M.A.: "Women Poets of Today."

August.—Mr. G. R. Manton, M.A.: "The Poetry of Louis MacNeice."

September.—Miss Joan Moore: "James Stephens." Mr. F. J. Blakeney: "A Note on Milton."

October.—Mr. R. G. Howarth, B.A., B.Litt. (for Mrs. Dobbie): A Reading of "Milton Blind" by Michael Thwaites, the Newdigate Prize Poem for 1938. Mr. L. C. R. Smith, B.A.: "G. M. Hopkins—Greek Scholar and Poet."

November.—Mr. H. M. Green, B.A., LL.B.: "Some Modern Australian Poets."

H. M. BUTTERLEY,

Hon. Secretary.

ENID DERHAM.

THE late Enid Derham was a prominent member of the English Association in Melbourne, and also a kindly supporter of *Southerly*. The following appreciation has been contributed, at the Editor's request, by one who knew her.

"The death of Miss Enid Derham is a loss to many friends, to the university in which she taught, and to the culture of this country. Born in 1881, she was educated at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne, where she left an almost legendary reputation behind her. At the University of Melbourne she did brilliant courses in classics and modern literature. Her own place in literature will depend chiefly upon the poems published in *The Mountain Road* (1912). For more than twenty years she was a university lecturer in English literature, at first in Perth, and later, from 1922 onwards, in Melbourne; but she retained a special interest in the development of Australian literature, and had an excellent collection of Australian books.

"Those who were her pupils still saw in her something of the beauty she had in youth, and they will remember with regret and affection the graciousness which made their teacher their friend."

I.R.M.

AUSTRALIAN ENGLISH ASSOCIATION.
Income and Expenditure Account for year Ending 31st December, 1941.

INCOME.				EXPENDITURE.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
1941—Jan. 1—				1941.			
Credit Balance ..			7 13 9	Commonwealth Savings Bank—			
Advanced from ..				Refund <i>English Pronunciation</i> Cost			
Bank A/c ..			40 0 0	Life Member Quota ..		21 0 0	
1. Members' Subscriptions—						0 18 6	21 18 6
77 at 10/6 ..	40	8	6	English Association, London			
13 at 13/6 ..	8	16	0	Exchange ..		8 12 0	
2 at 10/- ..	1	0	0			1 2 2	
2 at 2/6 (plus 3/- English)	0	8	0	1. Publications—			
Arrears for 1940 (4)	2	2	0	<i>Southerly</i> —			
Advance 1942 (2) ..	1	1	0	Printing II, 1..	£21 19 6		
			53 15 6	Printing II, 2..	21 19 6		
2. Publications—				Printing II, 3..	21 18 9		
<i>Southerly</i> —				Editorial Expenses	65 17 9		
Sales 1940 Nos.	7	12	9	Binding and Title Page	2 10 9		
Sales 1941 Nos.	8	5	6	Sundries ..	1 1 0		
Advertisements ..	6	6	0		1 5 0		
Donations ..	2	17	6		70 14 6		
	£25	1	9	<i>Julius Caesar</i> —			
<i>Julius Caesar</i> —				Printing	£17 10 0		
Sales ..	3	19	7	Lecture Expenses ..	3 3 9		
Donations ..	0	12	0		20 13 9		
Lecture Tickets ..	2	16	0	<i>Recorders</i> ..	4 0 6	95	8 9
	£7	7	7	2. Administration—Secretary—			
Others—Sales, etc.—				Postages ..	6 11 10		
<i>English Pronunciation</i>				Stationery ..	3 9 0		
<i>Tempest</i> ..	15	18	3	Treasurer ..	3 0 0		
<i>M.A. Dream</i> ..	0	5	1	Editorial ..	0 10 0		
Brennan Royalty ..	1	2	6				
Various ..	0	14	6	3. Rent ..	6 15 0		
	1	7	1	Suppers ..	4 8 6	11	3 6
	£19	7	5 51 16 9	4. Annual Dinner ..	16 9 0		
3. Sundries				Tickets ..	0 12 11		
Dinner Moneys ..	17	8	10	5. Angus & Robertson—Refund		17 1 11	
Supper Moneys ..	4	1	6	6. Bank Charges ..		1 5 0	
			21 10 4			0 14 2	
			127 2 7			£170 16 10	
			£174 16 4	Credit Balance ..		3 19 6	
						£174 16 4	

AUSTRALIAN ENGLISH ASSOCIATION.
Commonwealth Government Savings Bank Account.

				£	s.	d.	£ s. d.
1941.	Credit Balance
Jan. 1.	L.M. Quota
Mar. 13.	Refund <i>English Pronunciation</i> Cost
Apr. 18.	Interest
June							
				£	s.	d.	£ s. d.
				0	18	6	15 0 0
				21	0	0	10 0 0
				0	12	5	15 0 0
				22	10	11	40 0 0
				£47	14	2	7 14 2
							£47 14 2

Audited and found correct.

WARWICK M. CLARKE } 10/2/42.
A. COUSINS }

Certified correct.

FRED. T. BERMAN, Hon. Treasurer, 20/1/42.
Adopted Annual Meeting, 29/4/42.
H. L. McLOSKEY, Chairman.